

# THE TIMES DAILY MAGAZINE PAGE

## War Would Put Ban On Social Set

Leaders in Washington and New York Would Be Forced to Keep Silence, Asserts Frederick Palmer, War Writer.

Does part of the preparedness for war in America include the silencing of some of our women prominent in society so that their careless talk will not reveal important secrets to the enemy?

Frederick Palmer, in an interview in the Evening Mail, not only advocates such measures, but is quoted as stating that in his opinion it is even now necessary.

While I feel sure that the United States will stay clear of this horrible embroilment," he is quoted; "if war did come, the Government's first act would be to impose strict silence on about fifty social leaders in Washington and New York. Silence comes naturally to a military man. Not so with women, they have to learn it."

While complimenting the women of England very highly upon their work in the present time of trouble, Mr. Palmer calls attention to the efforts which are made in England toward secrecy, and of the sign to be seen everywhere, "BE SILENT, KEEP ALL OF YOUR INFORMATION TO YOURSELF, SOMEONE MAY BE LISTENING."

**Leads Discovered.**  
But despite this talk and other precautions against careless talk, serious leaks, he says, have occurred which the war office finally traced to the drawing room.

"Mind you, I am not criticizing these women," Mr. Palmer is quoted as saying, "the women of England are magnificently loyal. Many of them have renounced social life, practically all are making sacrifices."

"The women have sent the men to the war. It is a much more serious thing than a man's. In the history of the world there has never been a war fought with such deadly earnestness by all the people, women as well as men."

**How It Is Done.**  
"But it is in the nature of woman to talk. Her life training has not been such as to make her guarded in speech, like the average British man. Woman is naturally social. It is her job to entertain—to put a touch of affectionate, intelligent human interest into her relations as home keeper and hostess."

"It is quite natural for her to say to her friend over the telephone, 'Oh, how do you do, dear? Alas, I too, am alone in the house. George has gone with his regiment to the Gallipoli campaign. Picked 3,000 men. And Mrs. Smith's brother and both her sons have gone with a detachment to Flanders. I understand they're to be in the neighborhood of—' etc., etc."

**Cause of Much Trouble.**  
"There are half a dozen ways this information can be passed on. It may go no further. Also it may fly by accident to the waiting maid or somebody somewhere who will use it to the advantage of England's enemy. There have been many cases of trouble since the war began which have been traced to this source."

"I also know of a case where an innocent and neutral traveler in London yesterday, witnessed a battle from a church steeple had a distinct view of both sides; could see how the troops maneuvered, and from whence the reinforcements came."

"Next day that stevedore was blown to atoms by the Germans, and several others in nearby villages were treated the same way. I mention this as an instance of how easily the danger of careless speech or writing."

"It would be the same way in America," says Mr. Palmer. "And while I am sure the United States will stay clear of this horrible embroilment, yet if war did come, the Government's first act should be to impose strict silence on about fifty social leaders in Washington and New York. Silence comes automatically to a military man. Not so with women; they have to learn it."

## Seen In The Shops

A truly delightful surprise for the kiddies is the new edition of Mother Goose. The pictures are adorable, and not a single verse is missing. Bound in blue denim and very attractively boxed. It is priced at \$2.20.

For the surreptitious midnight feast, a charming little Dresden lady hides a cookie in her head and adorns her with tiny porcelain, while her very full skirts, which conceal the jar, are composed of soft taffeta in rose, old blue, or gold. They are edged with tiny beads, and the whole is priced at \$3.75.

Those nuts that are served at the Thanksgiving and Christmas dinners—how delicious they would be if only one could eat at them. And at last the difficulty is solved. The old nut crackers were so unwholesome—but this new one, attached to a nutcracker, is automatic, and consequently exceedingly easy to manipulate. These combinations may be had for \$3.50, and the whole stands only six inches high.

Telephone Main 5280 and ask "The Shopper" for information giving the names of shops where to wear a spiral spring fitted with pads which effectively closed each ear.

**Odd and Interesting Facts.**  
Tortoises and turtles have no teeth.

A state lunch in China comprises 100 dishes.

Weighing 7½ pounds, a cod lays nearly 7,000,000 eggs.

Raw onions are recommended as a cure for sleeplessness.

It takes over one-third of a second for the eyelid to open and close.

In order to shut out the din of the city, Herbert Spencer used to wear a spiral spring fitted with pads which effectively closed each ear.

San Marino's soldiers are brilliant gold-laced uniforms, but no shot other than the midday gun has ever been fired, and there have never been any military maneuvers.

## Mary Roberts Rinehart Thinks Age an Asset For the Writer in Tracing Her Experience

Seasoned Technique, Possession of Consciousness of Human Values Add to Value of Previous Hard Work She Says—Author of "K" Is Planning Social Novel on Pittsburgh, Where the "Crust Is Thinnest of All" and Outbreak Against Wealth May Come.

By FLORENCE E. YODER.

"THIS may be the day of the young person, all right, in almost every line of achievement, but the experience which age alone can give counts for just as much in the world of letters as it ever did. Age in art and on the stage may be a liability, but it is an asset for the writer."

Mary Roberts Rinehart, who was twenty-seven and had three children before she ever wrote a thing, is responsible for that statement, and her own career bears it out.

She was in Washington for just a short time and had many engagements, but she was able to squeeze in a short interview and to successfully develop a theme which evolved of its own accord, for when kindly urged to talk about herself, Mrs. Rinehart couldn't very much avoid telling how and why successful writers "get there" and stay there.

"That is one of the best sellers of the season, and her best book so far, although her 'Circular Staircase' is the oldest friend of her readers."

In tracing her career backward from "K" through the Tish stories and her war experiences to the 'Circular Staircase' she gradually and consistently proved the truth of her first assertion and then backed it up by citing the experiences in like vein of many other writers.

**Technique of Writing.**  
For she believes that only when seasoned by experience in the technique of writing, and made more acutely conscious of the values obtained through human contact, can a writer ever attain to something more than an ephemeral fame founded on one or two publications.

"This takes time and hard work, and so adds to the age of the writer."

"I'm going to keep on writing just as long as I am alive," she affirmed with a nod. "Yes, indeed. And I hope that I will live a long time. And I don't let the time slip by. I find myself paying more and more attention to human beings and less to the value of situation. After all, the greatest problem in all of the world is the problem of human life and character, but it takes time to develop the technique by which it may be transferred to paper in mere words."

**Ripen With Age.**  
"Writers who have anything in them to develop, improve with age, ripen, change, and from their first efforts whether in the form of short stories or books, which were founded

mainly on the tales of invention involving situations they come to write of the greatest of all things—human beings. I find my perceptions for the value of human contact growing keener every day. If it were not so, I would still be writing detective novels on the order of 'The Circular Staircase,' and could never have written 'K'."

"When people first begin to write, if they are natural writers, capable of being improved upon through a process of development, they choose for their plots—events, situations, and the manipulation of characters through these events and situations."

"That is the easiest form of writing. You will find that most writers of the story of imagination or adventure of event, very laborious in their dialogue and that their characters seem quite wooden. They move with creaks and lumps, or, if things are smooth, it is because the course of the action is swift and sure. They do not yet know what people do and think and say."

**Her Osprey Feathers.**  
Mrs. Rinehart had scarcely stopped for even breath, and she finished she patted some osprey feathers on her hat affectionately, explaining that she hoped she wouldn't ruffle the dear things, as she had carried them over from the other side very carefully and had worn them in the front of her shirt waist on entering New York harbor. In a droll manner which reminded me very much of Tish, she explained how she had bought them to go and see the Queen of England, but that she had forgotten that she belonged to the Audubon Society and shouldn't have done it.

Her eyes are blue-gray and wide set, her cheeks round and flushed, and her mouth a little turned down at the corners and very droop, perhaps the very freshness of her complexion and her clear eyes and her firm white teeth, which she showed every minute or so, along with a dimple on her west cheek, made her seem very young. She sent a large man on a small errand, and then she came back, and then continued in the same vein:

"But when one gets over all that first stage of dealing with events, the mind begins to see situation and action in the more subtle element of the human being."

**Example of Wells.**  
"Take, for instance, H. G. Wells. His work was of the highest imaginative type at first, adventure, movement. But today he stands as the author of 'The Passionate Friends.'"

"Notice Arthur B. Reeve, who has not yet got to the point where he wishes to do something really worth while. He is still writing detective stories, which get more natural and better every day. You can trace his steps yourself in the magazines. He began with no experience and merely a lot of ideas about plots."

She drew her mouth down at the corners with a characteristic twitch, and then laughed outright.

"Why then, when writing I didn't think of doing very much, I wrote the 'Circular Staircase' for a joke. It was at about that time that my dear husband came over here. People took that French detective play absolutely seriously and it

struck me as so funny that I thought that I would write a sort of burlesque detective story."

**Took It Seriously.**  
"I did and every one, Edwin Markham and all of the reviewers, took it seriously. I can't imagine why. I had deliberately combined crime and humor and mixed them up as strongly as I knew how."

With a sudden tenseness she became serious, and a hard light came into her eyes. The tiny veil that just came provocatively to her nose she pushed up and settled firmly about her hat. She gave all of the signs of a woman about to say what she actually believed to be true.

"Do you know what counts now in novels? Ponderosity. Sheer weight. If one only sits down and writes about 2,000 words a day for 300 days or so, and then has enough reputation to stand behind it, it gets by. Long-winded, expository, declamatory and all of that weight puts it by the public and the reviewers and everybody else. See now what happened to 'The Inside of the Cup'."

"She waved a bewildered hand comprehensively, and the conversation began to veer and turn and twist in a manner which indicated that the time of parting was hovering near."

**Plans Society Novel.**  
In answer to a few quick and painful questions, it was ascertained that her next book was to be something even more ambitious than 'K,' and that it was to be perhaps a social novel, founded on life in Pittsburgh, the city, as she explained, "which had the thinnest crust of all, the place where the two extremes of society rub shoulders with one another, and where the first great outbreak against wealth will be made."

Perhaps the name will even be something like the "Thin Crust." At present, however, the adventures of Tish are to continue in the Saturday Evening Post, illustrated by May Wilson Preston.

The large man came back from the small errand, but was sent away again on another of about the same size. I did not wait for his return. It would have been too much to have had to see him go for a third time. And, judging from the twinkle in the eye of Mrs. Rinehart, there was danger of that very thing happening.



MRS. MARY ROBERTS RINEHART.

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## Old Age May Be Kept At Bay If One Balances His Food With Work Properly

By DR. LEONARD KEENE HIRSHBERG.

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AGE need not be a tyrant to forbid all the pleasures of youth. The pale, withered hands trembling with avarice or grasping at air are no more foredoomed to the aged man than are testicles and obduracy. True enough, many old men cling to their rusted and worn-out convictions, but many youths are equally in error in their bumptiousness, vanity and impetuosity. Man is not, as poets say, perforce intolerable because he is old.

Age is a sputtering candle light, with the wax and oil mostly consumed. It is decadent of new things, because the fuel fails to feed the eye, ear, and other senses. It is then, no way where with to revivify the fading spark, to brighten the dull eye?

Worries and travail, anxiety and fear seem to be the cards that kill the cat. They are held by poet and philosopher alike to be the certain notes in the pattern of slow-consuming age. Yet they are not the sequences, but rather the antecedents and precursors of elder-ship.

**Age and Food.**  
Researches just concluded by investigators of the Carnegie Institution at Washington, D. C., prove that men of the same weight, age, and contemporary condition of servitude require around a per cent more food at each meal than women. This might at first blush seem to have no relevancy to old age. Just a moment, please, before you dismiss this.

The experiments proved that, except in the brief interlude in a woman's life when she is blessed with motherhood, a large proportion of the feminine fabric, especially her distinctive internal structures and her bosom, are inactive, quiescent, and functionless. Obviously, tissues that are not exerting all their energy or vital power call for little if any nourishment. This explains the relatively small appetites of most women as compared with men of the same build. Every little tissue is active and active in men. They must have food in peace no less than war, when asleep as well as awake.

Similarly, if any masculine texture is allowed to become lazy, listless, or reduced in its labor, it begins to assume the sleepy, clogged-up, sluggish state of age. Thus, food is not a luxury, but a necessity, a discipline to physical exertion or exercise, bring about the disuse of tissues and a demand of the human fabric for less food.

A partial cessation and check upon the vital functions are not met according to the law of nature.

**Three-Minute Journey**  
By TEMPLE MANNING.  
AMONG the many interesting sights that Peru has to offer the eyes of the North American are her outdoors markets. Each little town makes its chief "plaza"—"square" would be the name in our villages—the market place. Here the vendors vend their way from the interior to trade with the village housewives.

One of the commonest vegetables sold in the market place is called "chunu." This is nothing more nor less than our old friend, the potato, but so strangely disguised that you would never recognize it were you not introduced.

"Chunu" is made by drying potatoes in the sun by day and then freezing them at night. Sprinkle carefully selected on the high plateau for the process, and here, when the first pink rays of the sun tinge the eastern sky, you may come upon the hard-working Indians seemingly dancing their way across the crop. But they are not dancing; they are squeezing the juice out of the thawing potatoes. And these, when once again they are dry, are borne by the workers to the market place and there spread for sale.

Potatoes so prepared keep well, but the drying-freezing process robs them of their flavor—they are very insipid. The usual method of preparing "chunu" for the table is to grind them in a stone mortar and use the powder to thicken soup.

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## Fossilization the Word.

The chinks of Time, the swinging pendulum of years, are only incidents in all this. Commonly, of course, indolence, set habits, automatic actions, excessive inactivity and rest seem to begin after or around forty years of age. That, however, is because men and women at this age have become set in their ways, avoid or dislike change, and care not to exert themselves to learn new muscular or mental habits.

Clearly, then, to ward off the hallmarks and freemasonry of fossilization—a more correct name than age or antiquity, because fossils are quickly made at all ages—steady, careful work with a careful employment of all the life that is in you is necessary.

Add the full use of the skin by means of baths and massage; constant practice of the muscles of the Creator gave you; and a discreet selection of ration enough to feed all of the active tissues. All these, plus the avoidance of worry, care, anxiety, anger, and all of the emotions that promote high blood pressure, with fresh air and sunlight and a readiness to test new things and adapt yourself to changed circumstances, are the dewdrops in the Fountain of Youth, be the years a score or a hundredfold.

## PERSONAL ADVICE.

Readers desiring advice should remember:

1. To address inquiries to Dr. L. K. Hirschberg, care of The Washington Times.
2. To enclose a stamped and addressed envelope if a personal reply is desired.

## STOP DANDRUFF! HAIR GETS THICK, WAVY, BEAUTIFUL

Girls! Draw a cloth through your hair and double its beauty.

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To be possessed of a head of heavy, beautiful hair; soft, lustrous, fluffy, wavy, and free from dandruff is merely a matter of using a little Danderine. It is easy and inexpensive to have nice, soft hair and lots of it. Just get a 25-cent bottle of Knowlton's Danderine now—all drug stores recommend it—apply a little as directed, and within ten minutes there will be an appearance of abundance, freshness, softness, and an incomparable gloss and luster, and try as you will you cannot find a trace of dandruff or falling hair; but your real surprise will be after about two weeks' use. When you will see new hair—fine and downy at first—yes—but really new hair—sprouting out all over your scalp—Danderine, we believe, the only sure hair grower, destroyer of dandruff, and cure for itchy scalp, and it never fails to stop falling hair at once.

If you want to prove how pretty and soft your hair really is, moisten a cloth with a little Danderine and carefully draw it through your hair—taking one small strand at a time. Your hair will be soft, glossy, and beautiful in just a few moments—a delightful surprise awaits everyone who tries this—Adv.

## What They Say About Us

Pertinent Interests of Women As Viewed

By Editorial Writers of the Newspapers.

### An Englishwoman's Protest.

Mrs. Pankhurst's protest against what she calls the obstinacy of British ministers seems a trifle overwrought. She says they must have something of a "German stratagem" to be an obstinate, yet in the same breath she holds up the German government as an example, complaining that whereas it employs half a million women, no more than a tenth of that number are at work in the English factories or other places where their services might be of inestimable value.

It is true that so far only a comparatively small proportion of the women who offered themselves have been chosen. But something has been done to meet the demand expressed in the great parade of the "women of England." A committee was appointed to consider the question of the employment and remuneration of women, and as a result an elaborate set of regulations was drawn up with a view to giving them work not commonly recognized as women's work in the munition factories.

The probability is that for the present, at least, skilled hands are badly needed, and naturally men accustomed to the home are chosen in preference to women who have to go through a period of apprenticeship. There is reason to believe that by now the munition factories in Great Britain were pretty well organized, but until quite recently the most urgent problem was to man and equip them thoroughly, and until they were running smoothly it was hardly to be expected that the claims of the women would be considered. Those who are clamoring for compulsory national service have their way the turn of the women will surely come.

It must be a little disconcerting, however, for Mrs. Pankhurst to be confronted with a resolution of the members of the Women's Social and Political Union, protesting on the

ground that the union's name and platform are "no longer used for women's suffrage, or to remedy the innumerable disabilities of unfranchised womanhood, but for other purposes outside the scope of the union." With dissension of this sort at home, it seems invidious to find fault with ministers for spending too much time in the "struggle among themselves."—New York Tribune.

### The Open Fire.

At the risk of seeming to exaggerate, we wish to lay down this bold generalization: an open fire is properly as much a part of education for the young and enjoyment for the middle-aged and old as books or music or travel. What reward is sweeter, after a day of hard work, plus substantial dinner, than the pipe you smoke before that mystic window that looks alike into the past and the future? Some of the reasons of the open fireplace are obvious. Fire burns, for instance. Some of the other reasons, that seem obvious to us today, were far from that when we first enjoyed the friendly blaze and asked what made the wood burn, and why the fire sometimes spat at us and what were sparks, and why did the smoke go up the chimney, and a thousand questions more. Sitting before an

open fire induces several admirable states of mind; variously it stimulates the imagination, pacifies the nerves, induces reverie, and—puts one to sleep. Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, in one of her "House and Home Papers" of just fifty years ago, speaks of the Crookshanks' blazing wood fire as their household altar, whose wholesome, hearty crackle is the truest household inspiration."

Another celebrated American author having held that the open fireplace is "an altar of patriotism," Mrs. Stowe put the question.

Would our Revolutionary fathers have gone barefooted and bleeding over snows to defend air-tight stoves and cooking ranges? I trow not. It was the memory of the great open kitchen fire, with its backlog and fire stick of cordwood, its roaring, blaring voice of invitation, its dancing tongues of flame, that called to them through the snows of that dreadful winter to keep up their courage, that made their heroic wars and bright with a thousand reflected memories.

A home without an open fire is almost as unreal as a home without children. That is why we are sometimes blue nowadays and our national optimism falls up—for that city apartment of ours is not of the \$15,000-a-year duplex variety, and it has no open fireplaces.—Collier's Weekly.

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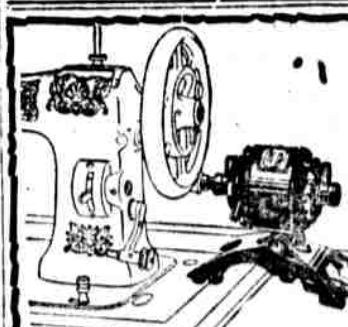
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